

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, WITH NEWS FROM ALL NATIONS.

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

VOLUME I.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1885.

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HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

In the only paper published in Wolfe County, and circulates largely in the counties of Lawrence, Wolfe, Morgan, Powell, Menifee, Macon, Breathitt, Elliott, Estill, Floyd, Perry, Pike and Knott, the latter eleven being with-out a newspaper of any kind. THE HERALD is, therefore, the best Advertising Medium in Eastern Kentucky.

and advertisers can reach more people by an advertisement in its columns than by any other means. Try it, and be convinced.

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

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PROFESSIONAL.

J. M. KASH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Will practice in Wolfe and adjoining counties. Collections will receive prompt attention.

PATTERSON & HAZELRIGG,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Will practice in Wolfe and adjoining counties. Collections will receive prompt attention.

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No 441 W. Jefferson street,

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Will practice in Wolfe and adjoining counties. Collections will receive prompt attention.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,

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AND

EXAMINER OF DEPOSITIONS.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

J. M. QUILLAN, J. C. LYKINS,

QUILLAN & LYKINS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

AND

REAL ESTATE AGENTS,

CAMPBELL, KY.

Titles examined, taxes paid for non-residents, collections a specialty. Real estate bought and sold on commission. Will practice in Wolfe and adjoining counties.

DR. R. B. GARDNER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Offers his services to the people of Wolfe and adjoining counties.

DR. J. M. KASH,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Wolfe and adjoining counties. Office at residence on Broadway.

J. B. TAUBER, M. D.,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR

Tenders his professional services to the people of Wolfe and adjoining counties. Office at residence on Hazel Green Heights.

HOTELS.

DAY HOUSE,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

D. S. GODSEY, Proprietor.

Patronage is respectfully solicited from everybody, more especially the traveling public. First-class accommodations, and satisfaction guaranteed.

PIERATT HOUSE,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

JOHN H. PIERATT, Proprietor.

The table is supplied with the best in the market, and first-class accommodations will be furnished for man and beast.

MORCAN HOUSE,

WEST LIBERTY, KY.

JAMES H. COLE, Proprietor.

Patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Table always supplied with the best in the market. Stable attached.

ASHLAND HOUSE,

NEAR POST-OFFICE,

LEXINGTON, KY.

FIRST CLASS. RATES REASONABLE.

H. E. BOSWELL & SONS, Proprietors.

CAMPBELL HOUSE,

CAMPBELL, KY.

ALEX. J. ASBURY, Proprietor.

The table is supplied with the choicest viands in the market, and the charges are reasonable. Special inducements to transient tourists.

Insure Your Property

IN THE OLD RELIABLE

Phoenix Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

Which Deal in Reliable Indemnity, Not Cheap Insurance.

Time Tried and Fire Tested.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

CASH CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

H. C. REYNOLDS, Agent,

Hazel Green, Ky.

WHO THEY ARE.

Who puts me in my little bed

And every little boy is a

And hunting live stock in my head?

My mother.

Who lectures me four times a week

And mutters when the wash-tub is

That I can look so awful meek?

My dad.

Who feeds her "coons" with our ham,

And cold meat and peas and lamb,

But keeps me short on current jam?

Our bridge.

Who, when I hide behind a chair

And calmly listen to a pair

Of fools, will almost swear?

My sister.

Who will not with myself agree,

And takes delight in pondering me

Because I am so "different"?

My brother.

Who comes to see us once a year

And gives me thirteen cents to cheer

And not return while she is near?

My maiden aunt.

Who meets me when on errands bent

And says "I'll be a President."

And starts my bank account—one cent?

My mother.

Who gives me everything she's got,

And paws her clothes for what she's not?

Bless her dear heart, I've not forgot—

My grandma!

—Judge.

BANKERS' ANECDOTES.

How Persons Who Handle Other

People's Money are Tempted.

It was the President, Not the Boy, Who

Was the Thief—Russell Sage's Econ-

omy—An Honest Clerk Declines

To Steal \$100,000.

Three down-town bankers sat at a

lunch table in one of the cozy eat-

ing-rooms on the top floor of the Mil-

litt building. It was after banking hours on

a pleasant autumn afternoon. The mild

sunlight peered through a bull's-eye win-

dow facing the bay and danced merrily

over the glittering silver and glass para-

phernalia of the table. It also caused a

blaze of light to flash from the jeweled

head of one of the bankers. The three

gentlemen had met by accident, and

they carried over their coffee and cigars

to enjoy a half-hour's social chat. One

of the number had suggested the desir-

ability of throwing greater safe-

guards around the cash vaults of banks.

"Additional checks should be placed

upon the cashiers and tellers," he said.

"Banks must either put a stop to these

fraudulent operations or they will suf-

fer from the speedy loss of public

confidence."

The youngest and smallest mem-

ber of the trio, who is a brisk,

natty gentleman, with graying side-

whiskers, a dearth of hair on his head,

and a keen, observing eye, exclaimed:

"Phah! what can you do? It is im-

possible to keep a man honest by

watching him. You must trust your

cashier and you must trust your tell-

er to a certain extent, no matter how strict

your methods are. If a man has a

grain of dishonesty in him, the realiza-

tion that he is being watched will ex-

acerbate his baser qualities, and in in-

stances out of ten will make a thief of

him. There is that in human nature

that makes a man—especially a clerk—

proud of being trusted. Some men,

however, are bound to be thieves, and

whether you catch them or not, they

make no difference. I have in mind a

table case of what I call instinctive

dishonesty."

"Let us hear it," exclaimed the other

two gentlemen, settling back comfort-

ably in their chairs.

"Right, you shall have it. When

my banking-house was in Wall street I

lost \$5,000 in United States Treasury

notes of large denominations. One of

my customers had left the notes at my

office with a request that they be sent

to the bank of —, which was then, as

you know, one of the soundest financial

institutions in the city. My customer

wanted his notes exchanged for a cer-

tified check draw by that particular

bank. Of course, after taking the order,

I turned the matter over to one of

my clerks. A few days after

the clerk returned with the package, and

presented me with a certified check.

"I recall the circumstance now,"

said the bookkeeper, "but no check was

ever brought to me."

"A diligent search was then made

through the office and it did not take long

to find the clerk who had dispatched the

package of treasury notes to the bank.

He speedily picked out the messenger

whom he had sent to deliver the notes.

The boy was young, and, as I thought,

very honest and faithful. He remem-

bered having taken the package to the

bank, but he could not recollect to whom

he gave them. He came directly back

to my office and nothing was said

about the matter. Well, I sent my

confidential clerk to the bank, and

he saw the president, cashier and

receiving teller, and was assured in

the most positive manner by each

one of them that no such package of

treasury notes as described had been

received at their bank. Next I subjected my

messenger boy to a searching cross-exami-

nation. He stoutly insisted that he had

delivered the package as directed, but

that he had lost the package, and would

tell me all about it if I would forgive

him. He, however, persisted in his

first statement, and believing that he

had either stolen or lost the notes I

discharged him. At the same time I

sent the messenger of the missing notes

to the Treasury Department at Wash-

ington with the information that the notes

had either been lost or stolen.

"Well," interrupted the listeners,

as the speaker paused.

"About a year passed before I heard

anything of the notes. One day I re-

ceived a letter from the Treasury De-

THE OFFICE.

The firm, of course, re-

tained in its list of all of

the hypothetical securities, which it

was accustomed to compare with

the securities returned by the clerk. On

this particular occasion the clerk found

indefinite bonds of the value of

\$100,000. They had, evidently, got

mixed up with Mr. Sage's securities

through one of those unexplainable

mistakes that happen very rarely in bro-

kers' offices.

"The clerk cut off the coupons that

he had come and restored the

package of securities to a representa-

tive of the firm. The extra \$100,000

bonds had been slipped into the clerk's

coat pocket. Mr. Sage's securities

were compared one by one with the

check list and found to be all right.

"Is everything there?" asked the

clerk.

"Oh, yes," said the broker, as he

prepared to put away the box. "Every-

thing is as straight as a string."

"You are sure that there were no

other bonds in that box?"

"Perfectly," answered the broker with

a confidential air. "We never get things

mixed up."

"Well, how about this \$100,000 of

bonds?" asked the clerk, drawing the

extra securities from his pocket. The

broker recognized them instantly and

mentioned the name of the person to

whom they belonged. His astonish-

ment knew no bounds when the clerk

told him where the bonds had been

found. The broker said that he would

have sworn in court that these identical

bonds were in a certain place in his pri-

vate safe. The clerk was asked to ac-

cept \$100 as a souvenir of the occasion,

but he declined.

"These fellows will get away with

\$1,000,000 yet," said the brisk, natty

clerk, as he put on his hat and start-

ed for the elevator car. —New York

Times.

ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

A Want of Good Dressing Which Is Fre-

quently Inevitable.

Few things should be guarded against

with greater care than the habit of men-

tal absence. It may, perhaps, be tol-